

A Call and a Climax

By MABEL CHASE ENGLAND

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The school bell in the little western town of Burton announced the hour of noon.

Philip Malvern untangled his long legs from the hammock where he had been lying, stretched his arms above his head and yawned wearily. "Confound this hole!" he muttered. "I wish I'd stayed in college and let my whole bally system go to smash if it wanted to. Billy lot of parrots doctors are! Go West—go West—go West! That's all they can think of when a fellow gets a bit off his feed."

He slammed his book under a bush, aimed a kick at a mongrel looking cur that showed a tendency to investigate and sauntered lazily down the sun-baked street to the postoffice. There was only one letter, a short, characteristic note from his uncle, telling him that a daughter of his old friend, Col. Darton, was staying near Burton with her uncle, Max Whittier, for a few weeks, and advising him to call. She had been making a tour of the world, he said, and was now on her way east.

Philip whistled dubiously. Yes, he knew old Max Whittier—crusty old chap! Had a place a mile or two out. He tossed a penny in the air. Heads I go—tails I don't. Bosh! Probably some prim, prudish old blue-stocking. Tails, by Jove!

The moment fate had decided against it a contrary impulse swayed him. He'd go! Anything was better than this everlasting deadly monotony. He'd get some fun out of her, somehow.

Accordingly at 3 o'clock he climbed into his big touring car and chugged



Aimed a Kick at a Mongrel Looking Cur.

off down the dusty road. Arrived at his destination, he walked quickly up the gravel path and pushed the electric bell with a will.

The door was opened by a pretty, demure-looking girl in a gingham dress and blue, enveloping apron. He looked at her uncertainly.

"Is Miss Darton at home?" he inquired.

She glanced at the huge car by the gate and then at him in evident astonishment.

"I'm sorry—Miss Darton has gone down to the village," she told him.

"Ye gods! She must be that frumpy individual I met footing it along the side path," he commented inwardly with a sigh of thankfulness for his escape. He took out his card.

"I am sorry, too. Will you give her this, please?"

The girl glanced at the card as she took it. "Oh, but," she hesitated. "Miss Darton will be disappointed. She has spoken of you—won't you wait?"

They moved over and took possession of the chairs. The girl sat up comfortably, rolling and unrolling the corner of her apron with nervous fingers; very pretty fingers they were, too, thought Philip Malvern, surveying with approval the soft, rounded arms, bare to the elbow. He grasped the situation at once and began to talk, fluently, amusingly, and consequently. Her eyes met his in shy but interested amusement. "Bully eyes, too," he thought. "They'd turn the heads of some fellows."

"What a great, big automobile!" she commented presently, looking out at his car where it stood by the gate. "I've always wanted to ride in one. Is it—it is fun?"

"Oh, great!" he exclaimed eagerly. "Come on out with me now and we'll take a little spin."

"Oh, I couldn't!" she gasped.

shrinking back in her chair. "And besides, I have to stay here till my cousin—till Miss Darton comes back. There's no one else at home."

"Then will you come with me this evening—please!" he begged. "I'll have the car up here by 8 o'clock."

"But don't you think—hadn't you better take Miss Darton? You came to see her, you know."

"Oh, well, this is different. Why, your cousin probably cut her eye-teeth in an automobile, and has lived in one ever since. It'd be no novelty to her. I want you to come."

"Very well, then," she agreed. "If you think—if you're sure she won't mind."

"Don't believe she'd come if I asked her. She must be more or less done up after careering round the country for three years. Do you ever long to travel?"

"Oh," she sighed, "more than anything else I can think of. And to see New York and all those beautiful big cities! Didn't you hate to leave it all to come out here?"

Her shyness seemed to vanish in a wave of eager enthusiasm.

"Well, yes—I did hate it just at first, but now—well, I'm really beginning to get fond of the place. But you—you must certainly come East sometime."

He wondered to himself if the East would spoil her, shy little fluttering thing that she was, with her vague, golden dreams of the big world outside. What joy it would be to take her around, to watch her wonder and bewilderment and delight. She must certainly come. He would talk to Miss Darton about it.

In his eagerness to strengthen her desire he launched into a vivid description of the amazing joys and wonders of the far cities; he told her of the immense buildings, the crowded streets, the marvels that met one at every turn.

Indeed, in his sudden enthusiasm, and just to watch her eyes grow round and big, he called on all the arts of his imagination and added many awesome touches of his own, described strange happenings unknown to man or beast, and added thrilling tales of wild enchantment.

At last, realizing that the sun was slipping down behind the trees and the shadows growing long across the grass he rose hastily, apologizing for his thoughtlessness.

At that moment the woman he had met on the road turned in at the gate and came slowly up the path. She was less primly seen at close range, Philip decided. He sprang down the steps to meet her.

"Miss Darton," he exclaimed. "I am dreadfully sorry to have missed a chat with you. I've been waiting an hour or more. I'm Philip Malvern, you know. My father—"

"Oh, yes, indeed," she responded cordially. "Your father wrote me about you. And I am sorry, too, but I'm glad you found Elise. Your father was anxious that you two young people should meet. He thought it might make it pleasanter for both of you."

"Why—er—yes, of course," he stammered, out of his perplexity. "She—I—that is—"

Miss Darton looked at him in astonishment.

"Hasn't Elise been good to you?" she asked, smiling somewhat anxiously. "She can be very provoking and willful, I know. I haven't chaperoned her around Europe for three years without realizing that."

"Elise—then she—pardon me. I thought you were Miss Darton," he stammered, an awful conviction surging through him.

"I am," she laughed; "our names are the same. We are cousins, you know. Now what—a light was beginning to break in her eyes—'what has that young mix been up to?'"

"Nothing—nothing at all!" Philip assured her hastily. He glanced back indignantly at the porch. It was empty. With a somewhat abrupt leavetaking he strode out of the gate and began viciously to crank his machine. Shy, indeed! Timid little, fluttering thing! His tales of the glowing east! A hot wave rushed over him from head to foot. What must she think of him?

He leaped into his car and whizzed off down the road, with a reckless and evergrowing violence of speed. Suddenly a memory, like a flash of white light, illumined the dark depression of his mind. His expression changed. He brought his car to an abrupt halt.

"By Jove! Eight o'clock this evening!" he exclaimed. "I've proceeded onward at a staid and decorous pace."

"I won't smash myself up—quite—yet," he decided.

There is nothing to weep over in that transaction. There is no use to shed tears over that sacrifice. Indeed, there is no sacrifice. Men talk about sacrifices, said the immortal Livingstone. God knows I never made a sacrifice. This from the man who wore his life out to heal the open sore of the world, and we, with our petty self-denials talk about sacrifice!

If we wish the priceless treasure we must pay the price.

Determining One's Attitude. Every man determines his own attitude to the life of heaven by his reception or rejection of Christ's teaching—Rev. John Whitehead, Methodist, Boston.

Organized labor has too largely overlooked the deeper side of life in its struggles for material things—Rev. W. H. Foulkes, Presbyterian, Portland, Ore.

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The Surprise of the Spiritual

By REV. HUGH T. KERR
Pastor Fullerton Avenue Presbyterian Church, Chicago

TEXT—The kingdom of heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field, the which when a man hath found, he hideth, and for joy thereof goeth and selleth all that he hath and buyeth that field.—Matthew XIII, 44.

The discovery of hidden treasures was one of the expectant surprises of the past, said the Rev. Mr. Kerr. The secrecy of the soil was once the safest security. Nero became the laughing stock of his people because he was induced to investigate a marvelous treasure-trove in a distant part of his dominions said to be waiting for a finder. Men of our day, too, have become the laughing stock of their fellows by selling their all to invest in mountains of rock said to contain acres of gold and strata of shale and to secrete rivers of oil. But this man of the parable was no laughing stock, but the wonder of his age and the envy of many men.

Without searching for it, he discovered a treasure. The glittering gold shone before his very eyes. According to the law of the land it was his. His heart danced for very joy and in his joy he parted with everything he had and possessed himself of that miracle-working field.

God is better far than mountains of gold, said Jesus. To find God, to possess him, is worth the sacrifice of every other thing. God is the greatest discovery a man can make. Job cried out for God. Philip asked after the father. Tennyson said the greatest desire of his life was to have a new vision of God. Let us follow the path of this unnamed discoverer and, if we can, learn his secret.

He was surprised into his discovery. It was all so unexpected and so amazing and so wonderful that he could not believe his eyes when the glittering gold and the shining silver lay spread out in a heap at his feet.

So does God sometimes surprise the souls of men. We would not be seeking him had we not already been found of him. Our search for God has been so long and so patient as his search for us. Sometimes he discovers himself to us and ere we know it we are in his presence. Like Livingstone in the African wilderness suddenly facing his discoverer, so does God discover us. Nicodemus may search for God in the secrecy of the night, but in the broad daylight Jesus reveals himself to the surprised Samaritan woman. Zachaeus may climb the tree to see the Christ, but Jesus unexpectedly calls Matthew from his customary place.

So do men stumble upon God in life. Men are surprised into the spiritual by the very act of the eternal spirit they are not looking for God, they are looking for him. Paul went with slaughter in his heart to Damascus and lo! he found not the Christians but the Christians' God. Verily, said the prophet, thou art a God that hidest thyself. The spiritual life from beginning to end is one long series of discovery. The hidden treasure of God's all-pervasive presence is ever revealing new wonders to our souls.

He was surprised into a new mental temperament. The very grammar dances with joy. The words as they fell from the lips of Jesus are bubbling over with a new found delight. The man walks as if he were on air and lives his life in gladness of a present possession. So rejoiced is he in his new found treasure that he again hides it away as something too precious to exploit, and holds his secret for a little while at least, in selfish monopoly.

The spiritual life must ever surprise men into a very intoxication of delight. The early church was one great merry making community. The people of that age did not understand the abounding joy and the overwhelming gladness that possessed the Christians who sang in the midst of defeat and who rejoiced in tribulation. When God surprises the soul there is abounding light-heartedness and a burst of melody. Every revival of true religion has been accompanied with a burst of song.

The miners of Wales went down into the darkness with gospel songs up on their lips. In the prison-house of Phillip Paul and Silas sang songs of joy until the very prison was smitten as with an earthquake. God, pity us for our dry-as-dust religion! There is no gospel in the religion of many of our people, and the missing note in our modern Christianity is the note of abounding joy and spiritual cheerfulness. Our missionary meetings are too often places of tears and tragedies. Our prayer services are too often rendezvous for dispirited followers. Awake, awake, put on thy beautiful garments. Our Christ is a conqueror and our treasure is pure gold.

He was surprised into a new interpretation of sacrifice. In his joy he goeth and selleth all that he has, and buyeth that field. There is nothing to weep over in that transaction. There is no use to shed tears over that sacrifice. Indeed, there is no sacrifice. Men talk about sacrifices, said the immortal Livingstone. God knows I never made a sacrifice. This from the man who wore his life out to heal the open sore of the world, and we, with our petty self-denials talk about sacrifice!

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TIMELY SUGGESTIONS THAT WILL HELP THE HOSTESS

"Counting the days 'till Christmas. Sweet days of tender care That loved ones may on the blessed morn, Find longed-for treasures fair, Thus dreaming, hoping and waiting That holiday draws near, When 'Peace on earth, good will to men.' Ring out the joy bells clear."

That is what we are all doing, "counting the days 'till Christmas" with more or less complacency according to how we are progressing with the thousand and one things that must be done.

I want to tell you about a "star" party a mother is planning for a bevy of youngsters, aged from 8 to 12. The invitations are red stars, the writing in white or gilt. On arriving each child is to be given a crown with a gilt star in front. Then there will be a hunt for gilt stars scattered through the rooms and a prize of a box of candy in a star-shaped box. Then there are to be puzzles, made by cutting large stars into bits, first pasting on thin wood, then cutting out. A quiet time will thus be insured for fifteen minutes.

The dining-room is to be decorated with hundreds of gilt stars suspended by invisible threads of black from the ceiling and there are to be stars of greens around the room with a beautiful stars done in tiny electric lights over the table. The ice cream is to be in star-shaped molds and the cakes small in shape, each with a tiny lighted taper.

When all are seated the mother in a few brief words will tell the reason of using the star and ask the children to remember why the star shone in the east so many, many years ago.

Holiday Parties for Children. At this season most mothers are planning for some kind of holiday parties for the children and busy times are in prospect for all households with children home for vacation. Rooms festooned with holly, mistletoe and the lovely trailing ground pine need no other decorations besides red bows of tulle or ribbon which may fasten the wreaths. I helped a dear little mother of three plan this party and I am glad to tell all about it. When all arrived, some twenty or more happy, excited youngsters, we asked two of them, a boy and a girl, to go into a side room from which they soon emerged drawing a sled to which they were harnessed by red satin ribbons. On the sled were white crepe paper snow balls, one for each child. They were easily made by taking a piece of cotton and shape of a real snow ball and covering it with a strip of white crepe paper 8 inches long and 5 wide. The narrow edges are pasted together and it is then gathered at the top and bottom. The paper is stretched in the middle to fit around the ball of cotton. Then roll the ball lightly in gum-arabic water and then roll in diamond dust or what is called Christmas tree sparkle or snow. Have a large wreath of holly hung in a door or arch way and each guest tries to throw the snow ball through it. All

those who get theirs through on the first trial receive a candy cane.

Next we had the game of Christmas candles. A wee tree brilliantly lit with tapers is placed on a table just the right height; a child at a time is to be blindfolded, then turn around three times and told to blow hard. The one who blows out the most candles with one hard puff receives a gauzy stocking filled with goodies. After this we played "Twas the Night Before Christmas" just like our old-fashioned game of "Stage Coach."

Only all the children had names of the characters in the well known Christmas lyric. At the words "St. Nicholas" all changed sea. The very last game before refreshments we called "Christmas Stockings" and the children were perfectly delighted. A sheet was pinned up on the side of the wall upon which a fire place had been roughly sketched with charcoal and red chalk. Every child was given a doll size stocking with a good sized pin; then each in turn was blindfolded and told to pin the stocking to the mantel piece. If successful a tiny favor was slipped into the stocking before the eyes were unblinded. If not the stocking was left empty. On the table for the centerpiece was a huge snow ball "Jack Horner" pie with scarlet ribbons running to each place. It was made by taking wire and making a frame 18 inches in diameter with an opening at the top large enough to take in the favors; then it was covered with sheet wadding, then with white crepe paper. Liquid glue was brushed on and diamond dust plentifully sprinkled over it. The gifts are wrapped in tissue paper tied with silver cord and then attached to the red ribbons going to each place. A wreath of holly went around the snow ball and there were individual Christmas trees for each child on which the wee candles were lit, then the guests were summoned to the dining room. As the hours were from five to seven quite a substantial supper was served, consisting of cream of chicken soup, wafers and wee finger rolls, slated nuts, fruit salad and individual ice creams in shape of Santa Claus, a sprig of holly in his arms; lady fingers and macaroons with lovely bell-shaped candy boxes filled with delicious peppermints.

MADAME MERRILL.

Wool Embroidery. Wool embroidery is the latest trimming for afternoon gowns. Some of the combinations seen are blue wool on white gazon de soie, gray wool on gray tulle over satin of the same shade and mauve wool on blue linen sole.

The wool used is the same kind that is employed for knitting or crocheting. On heavier materials it is used in various bright colors in an oriental effect, and is very striking.

Silver Dress Trimmings. Silver dress trimmings may be cleaned by covering them with powdered magnesia and leaving them for two hours. Rub the magnesia well in and brush it off with a brush.

THE much talked of "Bernhardt girdle" is one of the latest Parisian novelties. Like many other attractive pieces of self-adornment, the purchase of this exceedingly smart girdle entails some expense. Any girl, however, who is a bit handy with her needle and general sewing equipment, can easily avoid the expenditure by making the girdle herself.

The "Bernhardt girdle" is made of

gun metal cloth and ornamented with embroidered serpents of golden brown color; the serpents are being destroyed by the mongoose, a little animal made famous by Kipling. The girdle is very ornamental, and may be worn either with the tabs front or back. It, together with collars and cuffs, would make an attractive garniture for an otherwise untripped gown.

Something quite new in footwear are high buttoned shoes, finished with a turnover piece of the leather, called a "collar," around the top. This collar is tied together with a cord and tassel and is usually of a leather contrasting in color as well as kind with the material of the shoe.

Black and white effects are all in great vogue for both evening and afternoon dresses, as well as for street frocks. Black and white is the thing in Paris at present. It is thought that we shall have a black and white vogue for fall, with navy, royal blue, raven's wing and brown used in combination with black for all types of dresses and costumes.

Tailored models are mostly made of rough materials in chevrons and serges. A few hard-wisted mannish effects are included in the showing, but are not as popular as the roughly woven fabrics.

For afternoon and street dresses the elbow length sleeve is generally used, although the sleeve length reaching above the elbow on most gowns is helped to the desired length by a lace undersleeve.

NEW FEATURES IN STYLES

Strappings Cut on the Bias Are Used to Finish Traveling or Motor Coats.

Strappings cut on the bias are used as a finish to many of the tailored traveling or motor coats. The strappings not only define the seams, but outline the collar and cuffs and pockets and the lower edge of the coat, giving a smart touch to the garment.

While the vogue for kimono sleeves, mandarin collars and other oriental things exists, it is not surprising that the Japanese sash finds favor. The broad, soft silk is tied with short loops extending to the shoulder blade and long ends reaching all but to the ground.

Marabou wraps, or capes, as they are called by courtesy, will have unusual lines this fall. Some are long in back, extending almost to the waist line, and others are little more than scarfs in back, while the depth in front suggests the so-called dolmans of two generations ago.

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TEMPERANCE NOTES

DRINKING HABIT IN EUROPE

Munich Royal Brewery Is Powerful Temperance Sermon—Many Men and Women Squander Lives.

On the authority of a labor union report some time ago it was stated that one reason American skilled labor is superior to European, both in quality and quantity, is because Americans drink less. The following from a letter in the Emporia Gazette, by W. A. White, is along this line. The portion of the letter quoted below has reference to Munich and Bavaria:

The Munich royal brewery is really a great sight. It was a powerful temperance sermon. Imagine a great dark building nearly as large as the main building of the Kansas State Normal School; imagine it erected in the medieval style of architecture, with few windows, massive walls, low ceilings, great wide rooms, and stone floors. Put long rows of uncovered rough tables in the dark rooms. Put men and women at the tables. Blot their faces. Puff out their bellies. Blur their eyes. Let the animal 'look out of their countenances and put them to eating and drinking and sabbings in the dusk of the great room by the hundreds at 10 o'clock in the morning when they should be at work. Here and there in the throng put some old soak—mar or woman—whose soul has become besotted under the fire of years of over-eating and over-drinking, and then put around him scores who are gradually edging up to his estate. Then to know that this scene in the royal brewery is being duplicated in Munich in hundreds of similar places where men and women are squandering God's good, strong, clean bodies and souls, and fretting away useful lives, and one realizes the great loss that those miles and miles of hop vines in Bavaria bring to the Bavarian people. Everywhere, on the sidewalks, in the cafes, in the parks and gardens, in the restaurants, in the beer halls, all day and most of the night, men and women are at it—eating, drinking, loafing, wasting themselves for nothing in God's world but an artificial sputter of pleasure in the brain. It is hell—or if hell is worse, it is crueler than it should be."

Important Changes in Liquor Traffic Regulations Have Been Made—Measure Is Strict.

Important changes have been made in the law regarding the liquor traffic in British Columbia, bringing that province more into conformity with the eastern provinces in the restriction applied to the liquor traffic. The measure is a much stricter one than any heretofore passed in the province. The changes are in the direction of more effective safeguards to the order, peace and good morals of the far-scattered settlements and camps, which are yearly coming into closer association with each other and with the larger centers of population. Under this act a hotel must be a genuine place of entertainment, with sleeping and table accommodation, and not a mere drinking place. The number of licenses in small communities is greatly reduced. Regulations are made as to the character and record and race of the licensee holder. There is local option to the extent that two-thirds of the residents must petition for the license, all adults, men and women alike, having a voice in this matter. The fees are increased in some cases by 50 per cent. In others still more. Large powers are given to the superintendent of police, and to inspectors in the withholding, superintending, or canceling of licenses. There are also wholesale and even drastic limitations on purchasers, and the use of the interdiction is greatly enlarged. Sunday sale of liquor to excursionists is suppressed, and the general effect of the legislation is towards an orderly observance of the day. Enforcement of the law is assisted by placing the burden of proof on persons found with liquor on the premises. Thus not only in respect to the unorganized districts, but throughout the province, the changes are in the direction of greater restriction and stricter regulation.

Noted Author on Drink Evil. In noting the number of men of art and letters who have arrayed themselves as opponents of liquor-drinking and the alcohol cult, the name of Mr. Hall Caine, the well-known English novelist, may well be given a prominent place. In the preface to his late novel, "Drink," the author writes the following clear-cut statement of his recognition of the gravity and urgency of the drink problem in the life of the present day and demands for it the application of effective methods for its solving. His declaration reads:

"It seems to me that the problem of intemperance is one of the gravest and most urgent that has ever confronted humanity, and that the first necessity is that of a clear comprehension of the root of the evil. Is habitual intemperance a disease or a sin? If it is a disease the victim is an object for compassion, and the cure lies at the doors of the physician. If it is a sin the transgressor is a subject for reproof and punishment, and the duty of moral reformation is in the hands of the clergy. If it is both a disease and a sin, the legislators share with the physicians and the clergy the task of healing and controlling it."

A Great Peril. The peril is great to the man of force who has made money. It is much greater for the son of that man who inherits higher power without self-control and the capacity to endure hardness.—Rev. William Horace Day, Congregationalist, Los Angeles, Cal.

THE RESURRECTION

Sunday School Lesson for Dec. 15, 1919
Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT—Matthew 28:1-9. Memory verses, 1, 6. GOLDEN TEXT—"Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."—Matt. 28:20.

Jesus was in the grave three days, from Friday, April 7, to Sunday, April 9, A. D. 30. The Resurrection was early Sunday morning, and was from a tomb in a garden near Calvary.

The home of the disciples during the forty days was in Jerusalem. The appearance of Jesus were in the vicinity of Jerusalem, and in Galilee. The Ascension was from Mount Olivet.

It is hard to conceive of a greater disappointment, or a deeper mental and spiritual gloom, without a star of hope, which closed about the disciples when Jesus their Lord was dead upon the cross, and every precaution was taken to make certain that he was really, irrevocably dead.

The enemies of Jesus guarded against every possibility of mistake as to the reality of his death. This is a very interesting example of the Providence of God. For if Jesus did not die, he could not be raised from the dead. Moreover if the proof that Jesus really died came from his friends, people would question whether they did not in some way deceive.

But the enemies of Jesus were very anxious that he should be really dead, in order that he might never trouble them again. Hence they did everything possible to accomplish their purpose. The soldiers pierced his body with a spear, and blood and water flowed from the wound—a proof of death (John 19:34, 35). The centurion, who was accustomed to executions, was convinced that he was dead, and so reported to Pilate. The tomb in which he was buried was a new one, in which no one had ever been buried, and so there could be no doubt as to the identity of the body of Christ.

At the request of the chief priests, the stone against the door of the sepulcher was sealed, and a Roman guard placed around the tomb, so that no one could take away the body and then pretend that Jesus had risen (Matt. 27:1-62-65).

Jesus rose early on Sunday morning. Of the method or circumstances we know only what is stated here. "Behold, there was a great earthquake. Early in the morning, before the arrival of the women at the tomb. For the (an) angel of the Lord descended from heaven. A divine messenger, to overawe the guards, and show that Jesus rose, and was not taken from the tomb by human power, and that the same body came forth that had been buried. Rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it, as a guard waiting to give the needed information to the disciples. His countenance (his appearance) was like lightning, in vivid and intense brightness. And his raiment white as snow." This was heavenly apparel, the visible expression of his heavenly nature.